

THE
First of AUGUST,
THE
ANNIVERSARY
OF

HIS MAJESTY'S Happy ACCESSION to the Throne
of HIS ANCESTORS.

A
POEM.

Humbly presented to

Thomas Reynolds, Esq;

One of the Honourable Commissioners for Victu-
aling his Majesty's Navy.

*Lætissimus ille dies Civitati illuxit ; fruimurque
Votis usque ad invidiam fœlicissimis.*

L O N D O N :

Printed by H. MEERE, for the Author, 1716.

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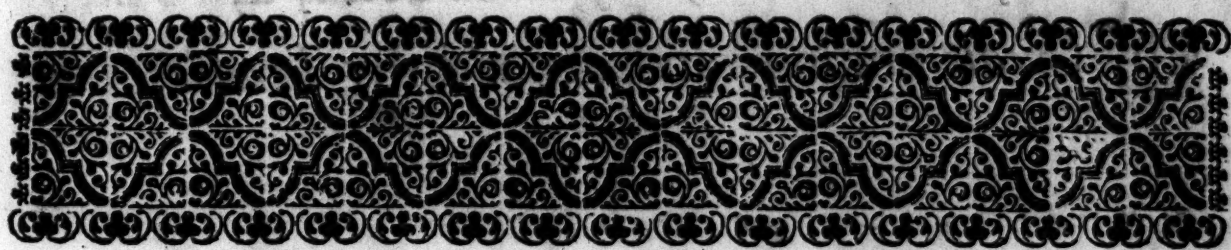
By

Latissimus ille dies Civitatis illuxit : firmusque
Notis usque ad incidium festissimus.

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THE
First of August,

A

P O E M.

PRepare, *Britannia*, now thy Thoughts employ,
In Gratitude, to speak thy utmost Joy,
To *Heav'n* and *George* thy loudest Accents raise;
To *Heav'n* thy Thanks, and to thy King thy Praise;
With solemn *Mirth* observe this happy *Day*:
Did ev'ry Blessing to thy Land convey,
Th' *auspicious Day*, which did thy *People* free,
Their *Church* from *Rome*, their *State* from *Tyranny*;
From all the Ills which thou so long didst dread,
Th' impending Dangers hovering o'er thy Head,
After

After thy *Honour* lost, thy *Land* betray'd,
Thy *Credit* sinking, and expos'd thy *Trade*.

Then in the *North* appear'd this friendly *Star*,
Which bless'd with happy Rays thy *Hemisphere* ;
All Tongues cry'd out, and hail'd the dawning Light,
Which did such powerful Influence excite ;
For now the destin'd *Time* by Heav'n was come,
That thou wer't to receive a milder Doom ;
Should under *George* to highest Glory rise,
And all thy Isles resemble *Paradise* ;
Now hop'd thy Sons shou'd' all those Blessings have,
Which he so long to his first *Subjects* gave ;
Since this the *Guardian* of thy Happiness,
Was come to thy extended Arms in *Peace* :
Whose very Name gave all thy People *Joys*,
But baleful *Terrors* all thy Enemies.
In whom alone thy *Hopes* their Center found,
In whom thy *Paracides* their deadly Wound.
On whom thy ever faithful Patriots wait,
From whom the *Guilty* fly, as from their Fate.

Where

Where let 'em exil'd ever more remain,
Unworthy the *great Blessings* of his Reign.

A Reign so good, so just, so gently mild,
To Heav'n pleasing seem'd, and Heav'n smil'd,
Permitted the bright Lamp of Day to shine,
And ev'ry Gale to favour this Design.
When o'er the Waves His gilded Bark did ride,
Floated along by the indulgent Tide;
This all with Joy, beheld, whilst his Great Name
His dutious Subjects o'er His Realms proclaim;
That when to fam'd *Europa's* Capital
He came, the Joy the Wish, the Hopes of all;
Millions of Tongues resounded His bright Name,
And Millions more, His *never dying Fame*.
Now *Britain* saw her long expected Lord,
And with Him, all her wish'd for Bliss restor'd;
Tumultuous Joys o'ercame her gen'rous Breast,
And from *this Sight*, she hop'd eternal Rest:
But that not yet decreed,
For from Hell's Deeps
A hideous *Monster*, call'd *Rebellion*, creeps,

Lifted

Lifted by *her*, th' Oppressors of Mankind,
 Whom Laws restrain not, nor no Oaths cou'd bind;
 Damp'd for a while, the odoriferous Air,
 'Till driv'n by His bright *Arms* to wild Despair.
 And now e'ercome, the perjur'd *Murm'ers* want
 That *Mercy* which they ne'er propos'd to grant;
 Nor want it yet;

Behold the suppliant Knee,
 As soon as bent, prevails with *Majesty*.
 Though still ungrateful, they His Power declaim,
 And all the regal Honours of His Name.

O *Mercy* great! unbounded *Clemency*!
 To pardon such a World of Villany!
 But this they sure must know, or had not dar'd
 T'ave injur'd *whom* they ought t'ave so rever'd.

For never *Prince* ascended to a Throne,
 Whose People's Happiness was more his own,

Or

Or gave 'em greater Reason to rejoyce,
 Or came with more united common Voice:
 High Majesty does on his Temples sit,
 Temper'd with Smiles, to make his Aspect sweet.
 Always *August*, but yet with Air sedate,
 Never transported, nor depress'd by Fate;
 Belov'd of Heav'n, Great Author of our Bliss,
Defender of our Faith, and of our *Peace*;
 Of Nature gen'rous, and of stedfast Mind;
 To Flatt'ry deaf, but ne'er to Merit blind;
 Reserv'd in Pleasures, and for Councils fit;
 Of steady Thought and penetrating Wit;
 Knows ev'ry Spring can move and guide the State,
 And with the greatest Ease direct the Weight;
Patron of Learning, and Religion's Cause,
 Governing his People by their ancient Laws:
 A *King* with ev'ry Royal Virtue stor'd,
 Just to His Honour, sacred to His Word;
 Undaunted when in Times before He stood
 'Midst threat'ning Dangers deep in *Moorish Blood*;
 As late, serenely great He did appear,
 'Midst worser *Infidels*, which threaten'd here.

Ye Guardian *Angels*, whose firmmounting Pow'r
 Protect the *Just* in ev'ry dang'rous Hour,
 Be still assisting to His *sacred Brows*,
 And guard him from th' Attempts of all His *Foes*
 May ev'ry Heart conspire with ev'ry Tongue,
 T' implore His Years may be renown'd and long;
 And that unhappy Time be never known,
 Without a *Brunswick* on the *British Throne*.

E I N I S

